

## FOR TWENTY YEARS

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

The Mayor and Councilmen of the City of Wichita, a verified statement of the said company's gross receipts at the end of each and every month, and the said company shall pay to the said City of Wichita two and one-half per cent of all its gross receipts in excess of the sum of \$50,000 at the end of each year.

Sec. 14. If at any time the said Council shall deem it necessary to the interests of the city, to construct a street railway on any other street within the corporation of the City of Wichita, on which there shall be at that time no street railway in operation, and the said City Council shall give notice in writing to the said The Wichita Railway, Light & Power Company of such desire for said railway, and the said Wichita Railway, Light & Power Company shall fail to construct and operate a street railway on said street or streets within six months from the date of said notice, then the said Wichita Railway, Light & Power Company shall forfeit the right of way on said street or streets specified in said notice.

Sec. 15. The said Wichita Railway, Light & Power Company shall keep in repair on all paved streets where it may have double tracks, the space between the track and the space between the rails and one foot outside of each out rail at its own expense. Said company shall further keep in repair the space between the rails and one foot on the outside of each out rail on all streets and avenues upon which the company may have a single track, at its own expense, and whenever said company shall hereafter lay and construct a railway track upon any street upon which there is a pavement, it will restore said street after the laying and construction of said track, as near as may be to its former condition, at its own expense. All cars used by said company upon any of its lines, shall at all times be kept properly painted and in proper repair; and it is further provided that in case said railway company, its successors or assigns, shall at any time fail or neglect to maintain and keep in operation the said railway, in accordance with the provisions of this ordinance, and thereby fail to meet the reasonable wants and requirements of the public, the said City Council may, at its own expense, cause the said railway to be operated by the city, and the said City Council may, at its own expense, cause the said railway to be operated by the city, and the said City Council may, at its own expense, cause the said railway to be operated by the city.

Sec. 16. The said company shall save the City of Wichita harmless from all costs, damages and expense for the payment of which said city may become liable, to any person, persons or corporation, by reason of the granting of this franchise, or by reason of the construction, maintenance and operation of the said company's tracks, cars, power houses and appliances thereto, or by reason of said company failing to conform or comply with the provisions and requirements of this ordinance.

Sec. 17. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after the publication in the Wichita Eagle, a newspaper printed, published and in general circulation in the City of Wichita.

### BY THE MORPHINE ROUTE

Mary Patton Attempts Suicide at the Lindell Hotel.

Mary Patton of Woodward, Oklahoma, who has been at the Lindell for the past three days, tried to go somewhere else by the morphine route last night. About 2 o'clock she left the office of the hotel and said to the clerk that she was going to take some morphine and didn't want to be disturbed.

She was found soon after in a death stupor and Dr. Hawkins was called. He succeeded in reviving the girl so that she was thought to be out of danger at 2 o'clock this morning.

In her room was a letter addressed "To My Mother."

### COMING LOCAL EVENTS.

There will be a regular meeting of Wichita Chapter No. 22, R. A. M., tonight. Business of importance. All members requested to be prompt, as session will be short.

On next Tuesday night at Fishermen's grove on South Water street, the German Ladies Independent Aid society will give their annual social. For six years past this charitable organization has existed and done great work for the needy and poor, and their midsummer social is always an event. Special features promised, and the Second Regiment band will discourse music.

Will Bailey rode to Derby last night in the midnight.

Santiago Barreto of New York has begged the state department to intervene for the protection of his brother-in-law, Ramon Hidalgo, an American citizen, who was arrested July 25 and is kept incommunicado in Cabañas fortress. Mr. Barreto says his brother-in-law is a prominent lawyer of Cienfuegos and does not mix in Cuban affairs.

**Catarrh**

Mrs. Josephine Polhill, of Due West, S. C., had a severe case of catarrh, which finally became so deep-seated that she was entirely deaf in one ear, and part of the bone in her nose sloughed off. The best physicians treated her in vain, and she used various applications of sprays and washes to no avail. Fourteen bottles of S. S. S. promptly relieved the seat of the disease, and cured her sound and well.

S. S. S. never fails to cure a blood disease, and it is the only remedy which reaches deep-seated cases. Guaranteed. Books free. Address: Dr. J. C. Smith, Co., Atlanta, Ga.

## CAN'T LOSE MARCUS

### HE HAS CLOSE CALLS BUT ALWAYS COMES OFF WELL.

His Yacht, the Comanche, Gets Stuck on the Rocks in Nipigon Straits and is Held Sixteen Hours, Until Tugs Come to Pull Her Off Into Deep Water—The Pull That Wakes Up the Party in the Middle of the Night, But Beyond the Detention Nobody is the Worse for the Mishap.

Jackfish, Ont., Aug. 12.—Senator M. A. Hanna and the party of pleasure seekers accompanying him on a cruise of the great lakes had a thrilling experience today on the wild northern coast of Lake Superior. Their yacht, the Comanche, a staunch vessel, went aground in Nipigon Straits, and stuck fast in the rocks that abound in that region, for sixteen hours. The accident occurred at midnight last night, when the senator and his guests were comfortably snored away in their berths. There was considerable confusion for a time, but the captain soon saw that the yacht was caught in an easy position, and all sat down to wait for tugs, which were ordered from Nipigon, ten miles distant. The Comanche was hauled into deep water at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and resumed her journey with all on board well. Beyond a slight leak, the yacht was not harmed. The mishap was caused by the pilot getting the yacht out of the channel.

### ANCIENT WINDMILL IS SOLD

#### It Has Worked Away for One Hundred and Fifty Years.

Nantucket, Mass., Aug. 9.—The old windmill which has stood crowning the summit of "Mill hill" for 150 years will go under the auctioneer's hammer tomorrow at 10 o'clock.

It has ground no grist of grain for many years, but it has become in its dotage the sign manual of the island. No one would think of coming to town without inspecting this antique structure, as it stands overlooking the village, stretching its sailless arms to the heavens as if pronouncing a benediction upon all who pay it homage.

Here it was at the time of the revolution, when it saw the British land on the island and in a few hours boot the stores and carry away \$50,000 of the island's old quakers' savings.

It watched the youth of the town went by hundreds in answer to the call of President Lincoln.

It was the first to see the massive whalers when they returned from a four years' voyage, like golden argosies, loaded with thousands of dollars' worth of oil, the vintage of the deep. Then there was only one town in the United States richer than Nantucket, in proportion to the number of inhabitants.

In its later days the old patriarch has witnessed the degeneration of the island's great industry, and it sometimes seems as if the attitude of its arms was an invocation to heaven for the old days to return.

In these later days the old mill sees a strange and newer crowd advancing to its site. It must be flattered to find itself photographed, etched, painted in oils and water color, and circulated throughout all the world.

When the heavenly laden excursion boats arrive in the summer, the passengers go by the hundreds to Mill hill which also furnishes an excellent view of the old whaling town.

Its most distinguished visitor this year was Grover Cleveland, who came here on the Onondaga and spent a few hours with Mr. Benedict. The ex-president was in an extremely jovial mood and cracked a few jokes at the expense of the old mill.

Its gray sides, with moss-covered shingles, seem in appropriate keeping with the quaker ancestry of the town. The whole place is a vision of gray, and the quaint delight in the somber tints they find here. Although there are few of the old friends left, the old mill remains true to the old traditions and wears the gray in all seasons.

There is no doubt that the old mill was built in 1747, for that date is graven in the massive doorstep of stone. It is said that it was erected for Eliakim Scullin, and when he passed away his son Timothy tended it for many years.

It is interesting to note that it was constructed of oak, which was grown just across Dead Horse valley. This fact adds greatly to the historical importance of the structure, for there are a few who doubt that oak ever grew here of sufficient size to make timber. It is extremely extinct at the present time, and the only species of the family is the scrub oak, which, of course, could never be used as building material.

The old mill, however, ought to be good evidence that there were oak forests here; for no one would be likely to import as expensive building material for the construction of a windmill.

If the traditions are to be relied on, the old mill once had a narrow escape from destruction. It is said that it was sold to Jared Gardner in 1828 for \$20. Mr. Gardner intended to tear it down and make it into firewood. But he found that the framework was so sound that it was worth repairs, and the relic was saved.

There was once three others, it is said, which stood on the same hill, and waved their arms in union, the song of the working machinery inside. Thus the old mill is the last of its race.

During the revolution the miller worked at the mill of his life; once, we are told, a British cruiser in Nantucket sound fired a cannon ball right through the mill, within a foot of the miller's head.

Another time a little girl indulged in the dangerous sport of graining one of the vanes as it began to revolve and was carried around the circle. She is said to have accomplished this feat without injury, but none of her playmates ever tried the experiment.

Strangely enough, there are as yet no ghost stories attached to it. The old millers were all respectable citizens, and have been allowed to rest in their graves in peace.

The interior of the mill has two stories and remains just as it had but just finished its labors. All the rude machinery stands as it did generations ago. Many hundreds of summer people have gazed the hard oak and have immortalized themselves with the Benkiffe. The auctioneer will be an event of much interest to the summer visitors and the natives alike, and the mill will be thronged at 10 o'clock. The owner of the property died about two years ago, and since then the fate of the old structure has been a subject of much speculation.

It is earnestly desired that it shall become the property of some person or society which would preserve it. If the

Nantucket historical association becomes the owner of the old mill, as it seems likely it may, it will have untold years of useful existence and will be a delight to all who come here.

### NEW YORK MAN GIVES UP HIS WEALTH TO PROVE AN OPINION.

At the Table of Pierpont-Morgan He Makes the Statement That the Poor Would Work If They Could Find Occupation—He is Laughed at and at Once Starts Out to Prove His Declaration—He Has Spent Years Among the Poor as a Laborer and Will Write a Book Concerning It.

New York, Aug. 12.—A striking story of heroic self-denial and privation on the part of a rich and cultivated man, who desired to prove to his host, J. Pierpont Morgan, that the man of wealth did not view the average poor man's condition from a fair or impartial standpoint, is beginning to be told in chapters by Walter A. Wyckoff, of this city, who voluntarily assumed the poorest of poor men's lots for two years. Mr. Wyckoff is not only very wealthy—having been left all but these two out of the thirty years of his life accustomed to indulge in luxuries—but he is an alumnus and a fellow of Princeton University, where he was graduated in 1883 a member of the Princeton Club, of New York, and a veritable social lion of this metropolis.

He struck up a firm friendship at Princeton with Julius Morgan, a nephew of J. Pierpont Morgan, and to that fact is attributable his most remarkable experience.

As a favored guest of Millionaire Morgan, at his Connecticut mansion, Mr. Wyckoff, one night in the summer of 1891, he said to the assembled guests that he believed they misunderstood the poor man's actual condition; that the poorer classes actually desired to work when they could get the opportunity, and were very different men from those the rich men pictured to be. All the guests, and particularly J. P. Morgan, scoffed at this as only the propaganda of a theorist fresh from school.

Twenty-four hours later Mr. Wyckoff walked down the steps of Mr. Morgan's house dressed in an old and worn suit of clothing, having previously told Mr. Morgan that he intended to put his theories to the test, by his own experience. In a pack he carried a change of linen. He had not a cent in his pocket, and under his arm, as his only means of livelihood, he carried a magazine for which he thought he would solicit subscriptions.

Mr. Wyckoff, who has since been around the world and reflected maturely upon the two years' experience that began when he left Millionaire Morgan's house, tells with a shudder how he felt when he was reduced to his own experience. In a pack he carried a change of linen. He had not a cent in his pocket, and under his arm, as his only means of livelihood, he carried a magazine for which he thought he would solicit subscriptions.

This record, fragmentary as it is, convicts the mosquito of being a menace to life and health. Physicians so regard it. Dr. Frank E. Miller, of No. 68 West Thirty-Seventh street, said yesterday:

"The mosquito undoubtedly is capable of inflicting a fatal wound. The insect is bred and fostered in decayed matter, and it is the transfer of the germs of this deadly substance to the blood of the victim that causes the fatal result. The poison is injected into the blood, and then circulates throughout the system."

"The most fatal spot to be attacked is just behind the ear. A person bitten on one of the veins there by a mosquito inoculated with the poison of putrid matter would be in imminent danger of death, for the poison would reach the heart and brain within a few minutes. The puncture of a large vein also would be highly dangerous."

"The constitution of the victim has much to do with the effect of the bite. A person whose blood was thin or diseased would be much more liable to serious injury than one who was strong and healthy. A patient came to me recently within an hour after he had been bitten, yet already his arm was swollen to almost twice its natural size. He had been bitten over a large blood vessel."

"The extraordinary danger from mosquito bites just now is due to the humidity of the season, which has produced large quantities of decayed matter, upon which the insects thrive, and from which they derive the fatal poison."

An interesting, though not a comforting, fact concerning the mosquito is that it can communicate the disease known as anthrax, believed to be identical with the plague of olden times. James T. Whitaker, in the American Text Book of Medicine, is authority for this statement. Anthrax is the direct result of inoculation from diseased animal matter. The symptoms will be recognized by those who have suffered from mosquito bites.

"The period of incubation varies from one to several days. The symptoms may show themselves within an hour of inoculation; they may be delayed as late as four days. A slight itching, prickling sensation is first perceived at the site of inoculation. Very soon there appears a central vesicle, the rupture of which discharges bloody contents, to be converted into a dark, red-brown or black crust, the anthrax."

Innumerable remedies have been put forth for relief from the bite of the mosquito. The application of oil of pennyroyal is recommended by many physicians as the most efficacious. The use of alkalies, such as liquid ammonia or a solution of bicarbonate of soda or of potash, is also of benefit. Lint soaked in chloroform and laid on the bite gives great relief, and ipecacuanha applied externally is said to be beneficial. When serious results are threatened the patient should be bled, and treated with brandy, ammonia or ether, to counteract the symptoms of syncope or coma, such as appeared in the case of Miss Dowditch.

To rid a district of a plague of mosquitoes the liberal use of crude petroleum has been recommended. An experiment made on Friday at Staten Island seemed to show the efficacy of the scheme. The company controlling Midland Beach, a summer resort, took extraordinary measures to combat a plague of mosquitoes. A large salt marsh near the place, which had been a prolific breeding ground for the insects, was the scene of operations. A large area of the ground was saturated with crude petroleum, sprayed from force pumps with ball nozzle attachments. The experiment was a success, for on Friday night the plague had almost disappeared, and since then has been hardly noticeable.

They say that the netrick can digest stones and broken glass. We wonder if an ostrich ever tried to digest an American radish!—*Atchison Globe.*

A man who will go a block out of his way to shake hands with everybody he sees is no better friend than some who hardly take time to speak.—*Washington Democrat.*

### BIG SEASON FOR SALMON

#### How the Market in That Fish is Now Running.

Chicago, Aug. 12.—Advisers from the Fraser and Columbia rivers, as well as from Alaska, indicate that this will be the biggest salmon year within a quarter century.

The fish are running up stream literally in swarms; so close do they run, in fact, that a canoe paddled over the surface becomes an instrument of death, killing hundreds of salmon in its passage. In the upper tributaries of the Fraser the crush is tremendous and the certain result will be the practical damming up of these narrow mountain torrents with solid masses of dead fish, says the Washington Star. But, while the waste is expected to be very large, the canning output will also greatly exceed that of previous years.

Dr. Taitelton H. Bean, director of the New York aquarium, who has won both fame and wide experience as a member of the United States fish commission, is authority for the following statement:

"It may be confidently asserted that British Columbia and Alaska will this year beat the record with their fish output. The conditions for salmon have rarely been so good and reports of a mammoth rush up stream come pouring in from the northwest. It is said that so tremendous is the influx of fish that hundreds are actually forced out of the water and into the boats."

"The salmon pack, or canning output in 1891—a good year for the Fraser river fisheries—was 499,464, valued at \$1,351,961. With these figures as a basis, it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that this season's fisheries, with their greatly increased facilities and large number of hands, ought in 1897 to turn out canned fish to the value of about \$4,000,000. Statistics are less exactly taken in our Alaskan fisheries, but they also ought to show a marked increase. In addition to all this, it must be remembered that the Indians do a very great deal of private fishing. In fact, the Alaskan fisheries largely consist on dried fish, the 'buckies' netting them and the squaws cleaning and drying them."

"Salmon years do not run, as is generally supposed, in cycles of four. The fact is that none can exactly predict the approach of a 'banner year' in the fisheries, but when it comes, at either long or short intervals, the market usually becomes glutted. I fear this season that canned salmon will remain for some time a drug in the market."

"The salmon industry is doing wonders for British Columbia. New Westminster, the capital of the fisheries, had in 1891 a population of 2,000 souls, and this exclusive of Indians and transient laborers. In the fisheries and canning factories, 5,000 people are now employed, ac-

## BID ADIEU TO GOLD

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According to the official reports, these are almost all the Chinese and Indians. The fishermen—who are paid by the fish caught—number in their ranks English, Scotch crofters, Irish, French, Canadians, Scandinavians, Italians, Japanese and Indians. In spite of the small pay, it is possible in a year like the present to make big money.

"The incorporated fisheries possess miles of docks, fleets of boats and canoes, and vast sheds for canning. In process of time I have no doubt that enterprising Americans will make the Alaskan rivers rival those of British Columbia."

Dr. Bean declined to discuss the prevalent rumor that a big English syndicate is about to purchase the entire canning and packing plant of the Fraser river fisheries.

John A. Fraser, R. C. A., the well-known landscape painter, spent many years on his namesake river, while preparing a series of views at the instance of the Canadian government. Asked concerning the fisheries, he said:

"To begin with, boat fishing does not exist for more than a few miles above the delta of the Fraser. Beyond that point all fishing is done from the shore by men, and sometimes, in exceptional years, with the aid of horses."

"The net used differs largely from the seines used in Alaska. I can compare it to nothing better than a huge hammock slung by both ends to a pole. Night is the time for fishing operations. The men arrange among themselves for certain stretches of river. Below the delta line they cast their nets from boats with high, platformed sterns. Further up the river being impassable on account of its fierce current and sunken rocks, they cast from the bank. A good man can catch hundreds daily. Two hundred fish at 4 cents a fish make \$8 a day; and that is no unusual wage in the season. Below the delta I have heard of \$100 being earned by two men in a single day—or, to be exact, in a single night."

"That 1897 is to be a banner year I have heard from various friends at New Westminster. Strange as it may seem, the canning people are not always elated by banner years. So much salmon drags the market and even hurts the canning industry."

"Nobody who has been in the north west can have any notion of the awful influx of salmon during a very big year, like the present. A single illustration from my personal knowledge may suffice. On one occasion I crossed a tributary of the Fraser river literally over a bridge made of salmon. The fish were dead and had begun to rot. Forced from the main stream into the tributary by the terrific legions of upgoing fish behind, they were driven into a long reach, where the water grew shallow and the rocky banks are narrow. Here they became an absolute wedge—a jam, like the human jam that occurred on the Brooklyn bridge years ago. Not a fish could move forward, and thus imprisoned, in a vise, and without water, they died by hundreds, under the scorching sun."

"It was quite easy for my Indian driver to take the horse and buggy across this extraordinary bridge, while I followed on foot. Judging by the height of the river banks and the extent of the fish dam, I should say that there was an actual waste of fully 2,500 or 3,000 fish in that jam. Subsequently I was informed that such jams are by no means uncommon."

Still they go—those Sweet Sacred Songs. One has only to see the book, to be convinced of its superiority and merit. We have the testimonials of a number of the leading musicians in the city in this issue. Read them. Come and see for yourself—take one home and give it a thorough examination. It is not superior to anything in the sacred song line that you have in the house, return it. Out of the hundreds that we have sold not one has been returned.

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